There the kind deity of wine.
Kiss'd the soft wanton god of love.
This clapp'd his wings, that press'd his vine.
And their best powers united move.
Rochester Vide Grecian kindness. Page 7.
Designed by Drummond Ornamented by R. Hatchwell Engraved by S. Noble for C. Cooke. Dec. 12. 1800.

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Wilmot (John)

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
T'avoid with care all sort of self-denial.
Which way soe'er desire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:
And if, exposing what I take for wit,
To my dear self a pleasure I beget,
No matter though the censuring critics fret.

Epistle to Lord Mulgrave.

I loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my sense, I count their censure fame.

Imitation of Horace.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:
Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;
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And sold by all the Bookfellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.

10
MAY

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Containing his

SELECT POEMS.

viz.

DIALOGUES,
SONGS,
MISCELLANIES,
&c. &c.

He civiliz'd the rude, and taught the young,
Made fools grow wiſe; ſuch artful magic hung
Upon his uſeful, kind inſtructing tongue.
His lively wit was of himſelf a part;
Not as in other men the work of art:
For, though his learning like his wit was great,
Yet ſure all learning came below his wit;
As God's immediate gifts are better far
Than thoſe we borrow from our likeneſs here,
He was——but I want words, and ne'er can tell;
Yet this I know, he did mankind excel.

Elegy on the Earl of Rocheſter.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

10
MAY

LIFE OF ROCHESTER.

JOHN WILMOT, afterwards EARL OF ROCHESTER, ſon of Henry Wilmot, Earl of Rocheſter, better known by the title of Lord Wilmot, ſo often mentioned in Clarendon's hiſtory, was born at Ditchley, near Woodſtock, in Oxfordſhire, in April, 1648.

His father evinced the firmeſt attachment to the perſon, and zeal in the ſervice of, king Charles I. during the civil wars in which that unfortunate prince was engaged; and thereby ſo highly conciliated the affection and eſteem of his ſon Charles II. that he entruſted his life to him after the memorable battle of Worceſter, and experienced an additional proof of his fidelity, in effecting, by his aſſiduity and vigilance, his eſcape into France. He died in 1660, a ſhort time before the Reſtoration; leaving his ſon, as his chief inheritance, the honours of his titles, and the merit of his ſervices.

His mother was deſcended from the ancient and honourable family of the St. Johns, in Wiltſhire; and was eminent both for her perſonal and mental accompliſhments: having given a ſignal proof of the latter in an extraordinary attention to the education of her ſon, who, after a courſe of grammatical learning at the ſchool at Burford, was entered, in 1659, at the age of eleven years, as a nobleman in Wadham College, Oxford, under the tuition of Dr. Blandford, afterwards Biſhop of Winchester; and in 1661, with ſome other perſons of high rank, was admitted to the degree of Maſter of Arts, by Lord Clarendon, then chancellor of the univerſity.

Our author, when at the ſchool at Burford, had given evident proofs of the ſtrength of his genius, and the power of his imagination; and entered ſo profoundly into the ſpirit of the Latin language, that he acquired, and retained during the remainder of his life, a taſte for polite literature and elegant compoſition.

Rocheſter, when he left the univerſity, travelled into France and Italy, under the care of Dr. Balfour, a man of probity and learning, whoſe advice and example, in ſome degree, reclaimed his pupil from the diſſipated courſe of life to which he had been early addicted, and reconciled him to his ſtudies, from which he had been diverted by the indulgence of youthful levities, and which he never after totally relinquiſhed, unleſs when under the baneful influence of inebriety.

On his return from his travels, in his eighteenth year, he devoted himſelf to the court, which at that time was the ſeat of jollity and diſſipation, countenanced by a prince to whom nothing was more grateful than brilliant converſation and licentious pleaſantry. Favoured with a graceful perſon and commanding addreſs, Rocheſter ſoon ingratiated himſelf with the king, who, charmed with the elegance of his manner, and his colloquial wit and genuine humour, firſt made him one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, and afterwards comptroller of Woodſtock park.

In 1665, he went to ſea, with admiral the earl of Sandwich, and ſerved in the ſhip commanded by ſir Thomas Tuddeman, when the attack was made on the Dutch Eaſt-India fleet, in the port of Bergen, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſingular feats of valour. The enſuing ſummer, he ſerved under the command of ſir Edward Spragge, who, in the heat of the memorable engagement of that year, having a meſſage of

reproof to ſend to one of his captains, could not find any officer diſpoſed to carry it but Rocheſter, who went and returned in an open boat, amidſt vollies of ſhot from the cannon of the enemy.

He appeared at court with great advantage after his naval expedition, but did not long maintain his reputation for bravery, having, in many inſtances, diſcovered a timid puſillanimous ſpirit, by deſerting his frolicſome companions, after he had, in conjunction with them, excited quarrels in the public ſtreets; and Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, has left a ſtory of his refuſal to fight him, alleging, when he came to the ground, that he was diſabled by an emaciated ſtate of body, reſulting from the prevalence of a combination of diſorders.

Though, in the courſe of his travels, he had, in a great meaſure, ſubdued his inclination to intemperance; when he returned to court he abandoned himſelf to that debauchery and diſſipation which, at that time, were the characteriſtics of the higher circles; and by which his principles were corrupted, and his morals depraved.

To adopt the words of Dr. Johnſon, 'he loſt all ſenſe of religious reſtraint; and finding it not convenient to admit the authority of laws which he was reſolved not to obey, ſheltered his wickedneſs behind infidelity.' Indeed, he was ſo ſunk in the groſſeſt ſenſuality, that, as he confeſſed to Dr. Burnet, he he was, five years together, continually drunk, or ſo much inflamed by frequent inebriety, as in no interval, during that period of time, to be perfectly maſter of his words or actions. In this ſtate of total ſubſerviency to his depraved inclinations, he played many frolics, which cannot be recorded to his honour, nor are they now diſtinctly known. His general conduct and behaviour ſhewed an avowed contempt of decency and order, and a total diſregard to every moral and ſocial obligation.

He once erected a ſtage on Tower-hill, and harangued the populace, as a mountebank: and having made phyſic a part of his ſtudy, acted the character he aſſumed with great dexterity and ſucceſs. The ſpeech he made upon the occaſion became the ſubject of general converſation, by which his vanity was flattered, and his turn for invective rendered more keen by the approbation it met with from the public.

As licentious in his ſatire as in his general conduct, he ſpared neither friend nor foe; nor was majeſty itſelf ſecure from his ſarcaſms; in which he had ſo peculiar a talent of blending wit with acrimony, as ſtrongly characterized his compoſitions.

Thus, purſuing a courſe of inebriate diſſoluteneſs and groſs ſenſuality, with ſome few intervals of ſtudious attention, perhaps more criminal, he lived, worthleſs and uſeleſs; till, at the age of thirty-one, he had entirely worn out an excellent conſtitution, and reduced himſelf to a ſtate of weakneſs and decay.

At this time he was led to an acquaintance with Dr. Burnet, to whom he laid open, with great frankneſs, the tenour of his opinions, and the courſe of his life; and from whoſe cogent arguments he received ſuch convincing proofs of the reaſonableneſs of morality, and the truth and excellence of the Chriſtian religion, as produced a total change in his opinions, and reformation in his manners. The effects of the ſalutary admonitions of that venerable divine are ſtated in a book, publiſhed by him, entitled, 'Some remarkable Paſſages of the Life and Death of John Earl of Rocheſter;' which, Dr. Johnſon ſays, 'the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philoſopher for its arguments, and the ſaint for its piety:' and adds, 'it were an injury to the reader to offer him abridgment.'

He died July 26, 1680, before he had completed his thirty-

third year; and was so worn away by a long illness, that life went out without a struggle. His character, with some remarks on his writings, are thus given, in a summary manner, by that great biographer and critic, Dr. Johnson.

'Lord Rochester was eminent for the vigour of his colloquial wit, and remarkable for many wild pranks and sallies of extravagance. The glare of his general character diffused itself upon his writings. The compositions of a man whose name had been heard so often, were certain of attention, and from many readers certain of applause. This blaze of reputation is not yet quite extinguished; and his poetry still retains some splendour beyond that which genius has bestowed.

'Wood and Burnet give us reason to believe that much was imputed to him which he did not write. I know not by whom the original collection was made, or by what authority its genuineness was ascertained. The first edition was published in the year of his death, with an air of concealment, professing, in the title-page, to be printed at Antwerp.

'Of some of the pieces, however, there is no doubt. The Imitation of Horace's Satire; the Verses to Lord Mulgrave; the Satire against *Man*; the Verses upon *Nothing*; and some others, are, I believe, genuine; and perhaps most of those published in the Collection of his Poems.

'As he cannot be supposed to have found leisure for any course of continued study, his pieces are commonly short, such as one fit of resolution would produce.

'His Songs have no particular character; they tell, like other songs, in smooth easy language, of scorn and kindness, dismission and desertion, absence and inconstancy, with the commonplaces of artificial courtship. They are commonly smooth and easy; but have little nature, and little sentiment.

'His Imitation of Horace on Lucilius is not inelegant, nor unhappy. In the reign of Charles II. began that adaptation, which has ſince been very frequent, of ancient poetry to preſent times; and perhaps few will be found where paralleliſm is better preſerved than in this. The verſification is, indeed, ſometimes careleſs; but ſometimes vigorous and ſprightly.

'The ſtrongeſt effort of his muſe is his Poem upon *Nothing*. He is not the firſt who has choſen this barren topic for the boaſt of his fertility. There is a poem called *Nihil*, in Latin, by *Paſſerat*, a poet and critic of the ſixteenth century, in France, who, in his own epitaph, expreſſes his zeal for good poetry, thus:

..... Molliter oſſa quieſcent
Sint modo carminibus, non onerata malis.

'In examining this performance, *Nothing* muſt be conſidered as having not only a negative, but a kind of poſitive, ſignification; as, I need not fear thieves: I have *nothing*, and nothing is a very powerful protector. In the firſt part of the ſentence, it is taken negatively; in the ſecond, it is taken poſitively, as an agent. In one of Boileau's lines, it was a queſtion, whether he ſhould uſe *à rien faire*, or *à ne rien faire?* and the firſt was preferred, becauſe it gave *rien* a ſenſe in ſome ſort poſitive. *Nothing* can be a ſubject only in its poſitive ſenſe; and ſuch a ſenſe is given it in the firſt line:

Nothing, thou elder brother ev'n to ſhade.

'In this line, I know not whether he does not allude to a book, *De Umbrâ*, by Wowerus, which, having told the qualities of *Shade*, concludes with a poem, in which are theſe lines:

Jam primum terram validis circumſpice clauſtris
Suſpenſam totam, decus admirabile mundi

Terraſque tractuſque maris, campoſque liquentes,
Aeris, et vaſti laqueata palatia cœli . . .
Omnibus UMBRA prior.

'The poſitive ſenſe is generally preſerved with great ſkill, through the whole poem; though ſometimes, in a ſubordinate ſenſe, the negative *nothing* is injudiciouſly mingled. *Paſſerat* confounds the two ſenſes.

'Another of his moſt vigorous pieces is his Lampoon on Sir Car Scrope, who, in a poem called *The Praiſe of Satire*, has ſome lines like theſe *:

He who can puſh into a midnight fray
His brave companion, and then run away,
Leaving him to be murder'd in the ſtreet,
Then put it off with ſome buffoon conceit;
Him, thus diſhonour'd, for a wit you own,
And court him as top fiddler of the town.

'This was meant of Rocheſter, and drew from him thoſe furious verſes; to which Scrope made, in reply, an Epigram, ending with theſe lines:

Thou canſt hurt no man's fame with thy ill word;
Thy pen is full as harmleſs as thy ſword.

'Of the Satire againſt *Man*, Rocheſter can only claim what remains when all Boileau's part is taken away.

'In all his works, there is ſprightlineſs and vigour; and every where may be found tokens of a mind which ſtudy might have carried to excellence; and what more can be expected from a life ſpent in oſtentatious contempt of regularity, and ended before the abilities of many other men begin to be diſplayed?'

* Here the Doctor acknowledges that he quotes from memory.

Theſe brief Memoirs afford a melancholy proof of the fatal effects of genius perverted, and talents miſapplied. The Earl of Rocheſter, from his elevated rank in life, literary endowments, and engaging qualifications, might have rendered himſelf an ornament to ſociety: inſtead of this, the record of his tranſient life ſerves only as a memento of human frailty, and a blot to ſully the page of biography.

From his licentious character, ſome productions may have been imputed to him, as before obſerved, without foundation; but from the manner in which the firſt edition of his works was uſhered into the world, and the known bias of his diſpoſition, it may be reaſonably inferred that many of the moſt exceptionable pieces iſſued from his pen.

In this Edition, thoſe parts of the original collection, which have the leaſt immoral tendency, have been cautiouſly omitted; purſuant to a determination of preſenting to the Public ſuch productions only as conduce to inſtruction and entertainment, on the pureſt principles of moral rectitude and ſocial virtue.

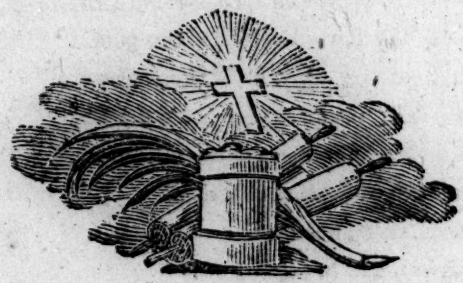
ELEGY

ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

By Mrs. WHARTON.

DEEP waters ſilent roll; ſo grief like mine
Tears never can relieve, nor words define.
Stop then, ſtop your vain ſource, weak ſprings of grief;
Let tears flow from their eyes whom tears relieve.
They from their heads ſhow the light trouble there;
Could my heart weep, its ſorrows 'twould declare:
When drops of blood, my heart, thou'ſt loſt; thy pride,
The cauſe of all thy hopes and fears, thy guide!
He would have led thee right in Wiſdom's way;
And 'twas thy fault whene'er thou went'ſt aſtray:
And ſince thou ſtray'dſt when guided and led on,
Thou wilt be ſurely loſt, now left alone.
It is thy Elegy I write, not his:
He lives immortal, and in higheſt bliſs;
But thou art dead, alas! my heart, thou'rt dead:
He lives, that lovely ſoul, for ever fled;
But thou 'mongſt crowds on earth art buried.
Great was thy loſs, which thou canſt ne'er expreſs;
Nor was th' inſenſible dull nation's leſs:
He civiliz'd the rude, and taught the young,
Made fools grow wiſe; ſuch artful magic hung
Upon his uſeful, kind, inſtructing tongue.
His lively wit was of himſelf a part;
Not, as in other men, the work of art:

For, though his learning, like his wit, was great,
Yet ſure all learning came below his wit;
As God's immediate gifts are better far
Than thoſe we borrow from our likeneſs here,
He was... but I want words, and ne'er can tell;
Yet this I know, he did mankind excel.
He was what no man ever was before,
Nor can indulgent Nature give us more,
For, to make him, ſhe exhauſted all her ſtore.



DIALOGUES.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS AND STREPHON.

Written at Bath.

ALEXIS.

THERE ſighs not on the plain
So loſt a ſwain as I;
Scorch'd up with love, froze with diſdain,
Of killing ſweetneſs I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.
Since firſt my dazzled eyes were thrown
On that bewitching face,
Like ruin'd birds, robb'd of their young,
Lamenting, frighted and undone,
I fly from place to place.
Fram'd by ſome cruel powers above,
So nice ſhe is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove:
Since all, who are not blind, muſt love;
Who are not vain, deſpair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no ſooner give a grace,
But, fond of their own art,
Severely jealous, ever place,
To guard the glories of a face,
A dragon in the heart.
Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,
Who, peeviſh to mankind,
For their own honour's ſake, with care
Make a ſweet form divinely fair:
Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since she's insensible of love,
By honour taught to hate;
If we, forc'd by decrees above,
Must sensible to beauty prove,
How tyrannous is Fate!
I to the nymph have never nam'd
The cause of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such bashfulness may well be blam'd;
For, since to serve we're not ashamed.
Why should she blush to reign?

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart despise
My humble proffer'd one,
The just compassion she denies,
I may obtain from others' eyes;
Her's are not fair alone.
Devouring flames require new food;
My heart's consum'd almost:
New fires must kindle in her blood,
Or mine go out, and that's as good.

ALEXIS.

Would'st live when love is lost?
Be dead before thy passion dies;
For if thy should'st survive,
What anguish would thy heart surprise.
To see her flames begin to rise,
And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather, what pleasure should I meet
In my triumphant scorn,
To see my tyrant at my feet;
While, taught by her, unmov'd I sit
A tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle shepherd! cease, for shame,
Which way can you pretend
To merit so divine a flame,

Who to dull life make a mean claim
When love is at an end?
As trees are by their bark embrac'd,
Love to my ſoul doth cling:
When torn by the herd's greedy taſte,
The injur'd plants feel they're defac'd
They wither in the ſpring.
My rifled love would ſoon retire,
Diſſolving into air,
Should I that nymph ceaſe to admire,
Bleſs'd in whoſe arms I will expire,
Or at her feet deſpair.

DIALOGUE II.

STREPHON.

PR'YTHEE now, fond fool, give o'er;
Since my heart is gone before,
To what purpoſe ſhould I ſtay?
Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd ſwain, I knew the time
When diſſembling was your crime,
In pity now employ that art,
Which firſt betray'd, to eaſe my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleaſure feign:
Men diſſemble ſtill with pain.
What advantage will it prove,
If I lye, who cannot love?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reaſon, why
Love from hearts in love does fly?
Why the bird will build a neſt,
Where ſhe ne'er intends to reſt?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,
Cries for hearts, as they for toys:

Which when gain'd, in childiſh play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
Love does nothing by degrees;
Baſely flying when moſt priz'd,
Meanly fawning when deſpis'd.
Flatt'ring or inſulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his joys are fleeting dreams,
All his woes ſevere extremes.

STREPHON.

Nymph, unjuſtly you inveigh;
Love, like us, muſt fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Conſtancy alone is ſtrange:
See the heavens in lightnings break,
Next in ſtorms of thunder ſpeak;
Till a kind rain from above
Makes a calm—ſo 'tis in love.
Flames begin our firſt addreſs,
Like meeting thunder we embrace;
Then, you know, the ſhowers that fall
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How ſhould I the ſhowers forget?
'Twas ſo pleaſant to be wet!
They kill'd love, I knew it well.
I dy'd all the while they fell.
Say at leaſt what nymph it is,
Robs my breaſt of ſo much bliſs?
If ſhe's fair, I ſhall be eas'd;
Through my ruin you'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was ſo fair,
Strephon, ſcarcely, ſo ſincere.
Gentle, innocent, and free,
Ever pleas'd with only me
Many charms my heart enthral,
But there's one above them all:

With averſion, ſhe does fly
Tedious, trading, conſtancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel ſhepherd! I ſubmit,
Do what love and you think fit:
Change is fate, and not deſign,
Say you would have ſtill been mine.

STREPHON.

Nymph I cannot: 'tis too true,
Change has greater charms than you.
Be, by my example, wiſe;
Faith to pleaſure ſacrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly ſwain, I'll have you know,
'Twas my practice long ago:
Whilſt you vainly thought me true,
I was falſe, in ſcorn of you.
By my tears, my heart's diſguiſe,
I thy love and thee deſpiſe.
Womankind more joy diſcovers,
Making fools, than keeping lovers.

SONGS.

WOMAN'S HONOUR.

A SONG.

I.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd:
Phillis continu'd ſtill unkind:
Then you may e'en deſpair, he ſaid;
In vain I ſtrive to change her mind.

II.

Honour's got in, and keeps her heart!
Durſt he but venture once abroad,
In my own right I'd take your part,
And ſhew myſelf a mightier god.

III.

This huffing Honour domineers
In breaſts, where he alone has place:
But if true generous Love appears,
The Hector dares not ſhew his face.

IV.

Let me ſtill languiſh and complain,
Be moſt inhumanly deny'd:
I have ſome pleaſure in my pain;
She can have none, with all her pride.

V.

I fall a ſacrifice to Love:
She lives a wretch for Honour's ſake;
Whoſe tyrant does moſt cruel prove,
The diff'rence is not hard to make.

VI.

Conſider real Honour, then;
You'll find her's cannot be the ſame:
'Tis noble confidence in men,
In women, mean miſtruſtful ſhame.

GRECIAN KINDNESS.

A SONG.

I.

THE utmoſt grace the Greeks could ſhew,
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was with their arms to let them go,
And leave their lingering wives behind.
They beat the men, and burnt the town;
Then all the baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind deity of wine
Kiſs'd the ſoft wanton god of love;
This clapp'd his wings, that preſs'd his vine;
And their beſt powers united move;
While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
Lull'd her aſleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS.

A SONG.

I.

AN age in her embraces paſt,
Would ſeem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haſte,
Are torn and ſnatched away.

II.

But, oh! how ſlowly minutes roll,
When abſent from her eyes;
That fed my love, which is my ſoul;
It languiſhes and dies.

III.

For then, no more a ſoul, but ſhade,
It mournfully does move,
And haunts my breaſt, by abſence made
The living tomb of love.

IV.

You wiſer men, deſpiſe me not,
Whoſe love-ſick fancy raves
On ſhades of ſouls, and heaven knows what:
Short ages live in graves.

V.

Whene'er thoſe wounding eyes, ſo full
Of ſweetneſs, you did ſee,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad, like me.

VI.

Nor cenſure us, you who perceive
My beſt-beloved and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve;
You think we diſagree.

VII.

Alas! 'tis ſacred Jealouſy,
Love rais'd to an extreme;
The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantaſtic fancies fondly move,
And in frail joys believe;
Taking falſe pleaſure for true love;
But pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind, jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when paſt,
Prove our heart's treaſure fix'd and dear,
And make us bleſt at laſt.

A SONG.

I.

ABSENT from thee, I languiſh ſtill:
Then aſk me not, When I return?
The ſtraying fool 'twill plainly kill,
To wiſh all day, all night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantaſtic mind may prove
The torments it deſerves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

III.

When wearied with a world of woe,
To thy ſafe boſom I retire;
Where love, and peace, and truth does flow:
May I contented there expire!

IV.

Leſt, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on ſome baſe heart unbleſt;
Faithleſs to thee, falſe, unforgiven,
And loſe my everlaſting reſt.

TO PHILLIS.

A SONG.

I.

PHILLIS, be gentler, I adviſe,
Make up for time miſpent;
When beauty on its death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

II.

Such is the malice of your fate,
That makes you old ſo ſoon;
Your pleaſure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III.

Think what a wretched thing is ſhe,
Whoſe ſtars contrive, in ſpite,
The morning of her love ſhould be
Her fading beauty's night.

IV.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You'll peeviſhly be coy,
Die with the ſcandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

TO CORINNA.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT cruel pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmleſs frown;
When not one charm her face forſakes,
Love cannot loſe his own.

II.

So ſweet a face, ſo ſoft a heart,
Such eyes ſo very kind.
Betray, alas! the ſilly art
Virtue had ill deſign'd.

III.

Poor feeble tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Againſt kind Nature, to maintain
Affected rules of honour.

IV.

The ſcorn ſhe bears ſo helpleſs proves,
When I plead paſſion to her,
That much ſhe fears (but more ſhe loves)
Her vaſſal ſhould undo her.

A SONG.

I.

WHILE on thoſe lovely looks I gaze,
To ſee a wretch purſuing,
In raptures of a bleſs'd amaze,
His pleaſing happy ruin:
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His fate is too aſpiring,
Whoſe heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wiſhing and admiring.

II.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your ſlave from death removing;
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.

But whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal meaſure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquiſh'd die with pleaſure.

LOVE AND LIFE.

A SONG.

I.

ALL my paſt life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone:
Like tranſitory dreams giv'n o'er,
Whoſe images are kept in ſtore
By memory alone.

II.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The preſent moment's all my lot;
And that, as faſt as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

III.

Then talk not of inconſtancy,
Falſe hearts and broken vows;
If I, by miracle can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

A SONG.

I.

TO this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
Great Love, at firſt ſight of Olinda's bright charms:
Made proud and ſecure by ſuch forces as theſe,
You may now play the tyrant as long as you pleaſe.

II.

When innocence, beauty, and wit, do conſpire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my deſire;
Why ſhould I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleaſing hope by baſe fear be deſtroy'd?

III.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why ſhould it purſue me?
And wit has to pleaſure been ever a friend;
Then what room for deſpair ſince delight is Love's end?

IV.

There can be no danger in ſweetneſs and youth,
Where love is ſecur'd by good-nature and truth.
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of pleaſure complain;
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to furpriſe,
But her wit leads in triumph the ſlave of her eyes:
I beheld, with the loſs of my freedom before;
But, hearing, for ever muſt ſerve and adore.

VI.

Too bright is my goddeſs! her temple too weak:
Retire, divine image; I feel my heart break.
Help, Love! I diſſolve in a rapture of charms,
At the thought of thoſe joys I ſhould meet in her arms.

A SONG.

I.

As Chloris full of harmleſs thoughts
Beneath a willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful ſhepherd brought,
To paſs the time away.

II.

She bluſhed to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the amorous ſwain;
But, as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

III.

A ſudden paſſion ſeiz'd her heart,
In ſpite of her diſdain;

She found a pulſe in every part,
And love in every vein.

IV.

Ah youth! (ſaid ſhe) what charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurpriſe?
Ah! let me—for, unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no power to riſe.

V.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he ſhould comply;
Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
And give her tongue the lie.

VI.

Thus ſhe, who princes had deny'd,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to the ſwain.

A SONG.

I.

GIVE me but leave to rail at you,
I aſk nothing but my due;
To call you falſe, and then to ſay
You ſhall not keep my heart a day:
But, alas! againſt my will,
I muſt be your captive ſtill.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindneſs has reſiſtleſs charms,
All beſides but weakly move,
Fierceſt anger it diſarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.
Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;
It gilds the lover's ſervile chain,
And makes the ſlave grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER.

I.

NOTHING adds to your fond fire
More than ſcorn, and cold diſdain:
I, to cheriſh your deſire,
Kindneſs uſed, but 'twas in vain.

II.

You inſiſted on your ſlave,
Humble love you ſoon refus'd;
Hope not then a power to have
Which inglorioufly you us'd.

III.

Think not, Thyrſis, I will e'er
By my love my empire loſe;
You grow conſtant through deſpair,
Love return'd you would abuſe.

IV.

Though you ſtill poſſeſs my heart,
Scorn and rigour I muſt feign:
Ah! forgive that only art,
Love has left your love to gain.

V.

You who could my heart ſubdue,
To new conqueſts ne'er pretend:
Let th' example make me true,
And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I ſhould complain
Of your empire, or my chain,
Summon all the powerful charms,
And kill the rebel in your arms.

A SONG.

I.

MY dear miſtreſs has a heart
Soft as thoſe kind looks ſhe gave me,
When, with love's reſiſtleſs art,
And her eyes, ſhe did enſlave me.
But her conſtancy's ſo weak,
She's ſo wild, and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day aſunder.

II.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleaſures, wounding bliſſes:
She can dreſs her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kiſſes.
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day aſunder.

A SONG.

IN IMITATION OF SIR JOHN EATON.

I.

TOO late, alas! I muſt confeſs.
You need not arts to move me:
Such charms by nature you poſſeſs,
'Twere madneſs not to love ye.

II.

Then ſpare a heart you may ſurpriſe,
And give my tongue the glory.
To boaſt, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender ſtory.

CONSTANCY.

A SONG.

I.

I Cannot change as others do,
Though you unjuſtly ſcorn;
Since the poor ſwain that ſighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move
A ſurer way I'll try;
And, to revenge my ſlighted love,
Will ſtill love on, will ſtill love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind ſhall call
The ſighs that now unpity'd riſe,
The tears that vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends his ſmart,
Will then begin your pain;
For ſuch a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break, in vain.

MISCELLANIES.

THE ADVICE.

ALL things ſubmit themſelves to your command,
Fair Celia, when it does not love withſtand:
The power it borrows from your eyes alone;
All, but the god, muſt yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, ſuch are the charms you have,
He'd quit his godhead to become your ſlave:
Be proud to act a mortal hero's part,
And throw himſelf for fame on his own dart.
But fate has otherwiſe diſpos'd of things,
In different hands ſubjected ſlaves and kings;
Fetter'd in forms of royal ſtate are they,
While we enjoy the freedom to obey.
That fate, like you, reſiſtleſs does ordain
To Love, that over Beauty he ſhall reign.
By harmony the univerſe does move,
And what is harmony but mutual love?
Who would reſiſt an empire ſo divine,
Which univerſal nature does enjoin?
See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kiſſing the rugged banks on either ſide;
While in their cryſtal ſtreams at once they ſhow,
And with them feed the flowers which they beſtow:
Though rudely thronged by a too near embrace,
In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace
To the lov'd ſea; for ſtreams have their deſires;
Cool as they are, they feel love's powerful fires,
And with ſuch paſſion, that if any force,
Stop or moleſt them in their amorous courſe,
They ſwell, break down with rage, and ravage o'er
The banks they kiſs'd, and flowers they fed before.
Submit, then, Celia, ere you be reduced,
For rebels, vanquiſh'd once, are vilely us'd.

Beauty's no more but the dead ſoil, which Love
Manures, and does by wiſe commerce improve:
Sailing by ſighs, through ſeas of tears, he ſends
Courtſhips from foreign hearts, for your own ends:
Cheriſh the trade, for as with Indians, we
Get gold and jewels, for our trumpery,
So to each other, for their uſeleſs toys,
Lovers afford whole magazines of joys.
But, if you're fond of baubles, be, and ſtarve,
Your gewgaw reputation ſtill preſerve:
Live upon modeſty and empty fame,
Foregoing ſenſe for a fantaſtic name.

THE DISCOVERY.

CÆLIA, that faithful ſervant you diſown,
Would in obedience keep his love his own:
But bright ideas, ſuch as you inſpire,
We can no more conceal, than not admire.
My heart at home in my own breaſt did dwell,
Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell:
Unknown and undiſturb'd it reſted there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Deſpair.
Now Love, with a tumultuous train, invades
The ſacred quiets of thoſe hallow'd ſhades:
His fatal flames ſhine out to every eye,
Like blazing comets in a winter ſky,
How can my paſſion merit your offence,
That challenges ſo little recompence?
For I am one born only to admire,
Too humble e'er to hope, ſcarce to deſire.
A thing, whoſe bliſs depends upon your will,
Who would be proud you'd deign to uſe him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my chain,
My fruitleſs ſighs, and my unpity'd pain.
Let me but ever love, and ever be
Th' example of your power and cruelty.
Since ſo much ſcorn does in your breaſt reſide,
Be more indulgent to its mother, Pride;

Kill all you ſtrike, and trample on their graves;
But own the fates of your neglected ſlaves:
When in the crowd your's undiſtinguiſh'd lies,
You give away the triumph of your eyes.
Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find
More mercy than your anger has deſigned:
But Love has carefully deſign'd for me
The laſt perfection of miſery;
For to my ſtate the hopes of common peace,
Which every wretch enjoys in death, muſt ceaſe.
My worſt of fates attend me in my grave,
Since, dying, I muſt be no more your ſlave.

UPON HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS.

I.

'TIS not that I am weary grown
Of being your's, and your's alone:
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine:
You, whom ſome kinder power did faſhion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at leaſt of a whole nation?

II.

Let meaner ſpirits of your ſex,
With humble aims their thoughts perplex:
And boaſt, if, by their arts, they can
Contrive to make one happy man.
While, mov'd by an impartial ſenſe,
Favours, like Nature, you diſpenſe,
With univerſal influence.

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL.

I.

VULCAN, contrive me ſuch a cup
As Neſtor us'd of old;
Shew all thy ſkill to trim it up,
Damaſk it round with gold.

II.

Make it ſo large, that, fill'd with ſack,
Up to the ſwelling brim,
Vaſt toaſts on the delicious lake,
Like ſhips at ſea, may ſwim.

III.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do;
I'm none of thoſe that took Maeſtrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd ſtars, or conſtellations;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor one of his relations.

V.

But carve thereon a ſpreading vine,
Then add two lovely boys,
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

VI.

Cupid and Bacchus my ſaints are,
May drink and love ſtill reign!
With wine I waſh away my care,
And then to love again.

A LETTER

FROM ARTEMISA IN TOWN, TO CHLOE IN THE COUNTRY.

CHLOE, by your command, in verſe I write;
Shortly, you'll bid me ride aſtride, and fight:
Such talents better with our ſex agree,
Than lofty flights of dang'rous poetry.
Among the men, I mean the men of wit,
(At leaſt they paſs'd for ſuch before they writ)
How many bold advent'rers for the bays,
Proudly deſigning large returns of praiſe;

Who durſt that ſtormy pathleſs world explore
Were ſoon daſh'd back, and wreck'd on the dull ſhore,
Broke of that little ſtock they had before!
How would a woman's tott'ring bark be toſt,
Where ſtouteſt ſhips (the men of wit) are loſt!
When I reflect on this, I ſtraight grow wiſe,
And my own ſelf I gravely thus adviſe:
Dear Artemiſa! poetry's a ſnare;
Bedlam has many manſions, have a care!
Your muſe diverts you, makes the reader ſad;
You think yourſelf inſpir'd, he thinks you mad.
Conſider too, 'twill be diſcreetly done,
To make yourſelf the fiddle of the town.
To find th' illhumour'd pleaſure at their need;
Curs'd when you fail, and ſcorn'd when you ſucceed.
Thus, like an arrant woman as I am,
No ſooner well convinc'd writing's a ſhame,
That whore is ſcarce a more reproachful name,
Than poeteſs....
Like men that marry, or like maids that woo,
Becauſe 'tis the very worſt thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the contradiction and the ſin,
Methinks I ſtand on thorns till I begin.
Y' expect to hear, at leaſt, what love has paſt
In this lewd town, ſince you and I ſaw laſt;
What change has happen'd of intrigues, and whether
The old ones laſt, and who and who's together?
But how, my deareſt Chloe, ſhould I ſet
My pen to write what I would fain forget!
Or name that loſt thing, love, without a tear,
Since ſo debauch'd by illbred cuſtoms here?
Love, the moſt generous paſſion of the mind,
The ſofteſt refuge innocence can find;
The ſafe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wiſhes, and ſecur'd by truth;
That cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous draught of life go down;

On which one only bleſſing God might raiſe,
In lands of Atheiſts, ſubſidies of praiſe;
For none did e'er ſo dull and ſtupid prove,
But felt a God, and bleſs'd his pow'r, in love;
This only joy, for which poor we are made,
Is grown, like play, to be an arrant trade:
The rooks creep in, and it has got of late
As many little cheats and tricks as that;
But, what yet more a woman's heart would vex,
'Tis chiefly carried on by our own ſex;
Our ſilly ſex, who born, like monarchs, free,
Turn gypſies for a meaner liberty,
And hate reſtraint, tho' but from infamy;
That call whatever is not common, nice,
And, deaf to Nature's or to Love's advice,
Forſake the pleaſure to purſue the vice.
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action Love, the paſſion is forgot.
'Tis below wit, they tell you, to admire,
And ev'n without approving, they deſire:
Their private wiſh obeys the public voice,
'Twixt good and bad, whimſy decides, not choice:
Faſhions grow up for taſte, at forms they ſtrike,
They know what they would have, not what they like.
Bovy's a beauty, if ſome few agree
To call him ſo, the reſt to that degree
Affected are, that with their ears they ſee.
Where I was viſiting, the other night,
Comes a fine lady, with her humble knight,
Who had prevail'd with her, thro' her own ſkill,
At his requeſt, tho' much againſt his will,
To come to London....
As the coach ſtopt, I heard her voice, more loud
Than a great-belly'd woman's in a crowd,
Telling the knight, that her affairs require
He for ſome hours obſequiouſly retire.
I think ſhe was aſham'd he ſhould be ſeen:
Hard fate of huſbands! the gallant had been,
Tho' a diſeas'd ill-favour'd fool, brought in.

Diſpatch, ſays ſhe, the buſineſs you pretend,
Your beaſtly viſit to your drunken friend,
A bottle ever makes you look ſo fine:
Methinks I long to ſmell you ſtink of wine.
Your country drinking-breath's enough to kill;
Sour ale, corrected with a lemon-peel.
Pr'ythee farewell! we'll meet again anon—
The neceſſary thing bows, and is gone
She flies up ſtairs, and all the haſte does ſhew
That fifty antic poſtures will allow;
And then burſts out—Dear Madam! am not I
The ſtrangeſt, alter'd creature? Let me die!
I find myſelf ridiculouſly grown
Embarraſs'd, with my being out of town;
Rude and untaught, like any Indian queen,
My country nakedneſs is plainly ſeen.
How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the ſtate;
And pray, who are the men moſt worn of late?
When I was marry'd, fools were à-la-mode,
The men of wit were then held incommode:
Slow of belief, and fickle in deſire,
Who, ere they'll be perſuaded, muſt enquire,
As if they came to ſpy, and not t' admire:
With ſearching wiſdom, fatal to their eaſe,
They ſtill find out, why, what, may, ſhould not pleaſe;
Nay, take themſelves for injur'd, when we dare
Make them think better of us than we are;
And if we hide our frailties from their ſights,
Call us deceitful jilts and hypocrites;
They little gueſs, who at our arts are griev'd,
The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd;
Inquiſitive as jealous cuckolds grow,
Rather than not be knowing, they will know
What, being known, creates their certain woe.
Women ſhould theſe, of all mankind, avoid,
For wonder by clear knowledge is deſtroy'd.
Woman, who is an arrant bird of night,
Bold in the duſk, before a fool's dull ſight
Muſt fly, when Reaſon brings the glaring light.

But the kind, eaſy fool, apt to admire
Himſelf, truſts us; his follies all conſpire
To flatter his, and favour our deſire.
Vain of his proper merit, he with eaſe
Believes we love him beſt, and beſt can pleaſe;
On him our groſs, dull, common flatt'ries paſs,
Ever moſt happy when moſt made an aſs;
Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind
Perceive us falſe, the fop himſelf is blind;
Who, doating on himſelf....
Thinks ev'ry one that ſees him of his mind.
Theſe are true women's men—Here, forc'd to ceaſe,
Thro' want of breath, not will, to hold her peace,
She to the window runs, where ſhe had ſpy'd
Her much eſteem'd dear friend, the monkey, ty'd;
With forty ſmiles, as many antic bows,
As if 't had been the lady of the houſe,
The dirty, chatt'ring monſter ſhe embrac'd,
And made it this fine tender ſpeech at laſt:
Kiſs me, thou curious miniature of man;
How odd thou art, how pretty, how Japan!
Oh! I could live and die with thee; then on,
For half an hour, in compliments ſhe ran.
I took this time to think what Nature meant
When this mixt thing into the world ſhe ſent,
So very wiſe, yet ſo impertinent:
One that knows ev'ry thing that God thought fit,
Should be an aſs through choice, not want of wit;
Whoſe foppery, without the help of ſenſe,
Could ne'er have roſe to ſuch an excellence:
Nature's as lame in making a true fop,
As a philoſopher; the very top
And dignity of folly we attain
By ſtudious ſearch and labour of the brain.
By obſervation, counſel, and deep thought:
God never made a coxcomb worth a groat;
We owe that name to induſtry and arts:
An eminent fool muſt be a fool of parts,
And ſuch was ſhe, who had turn'd o'er
As many books as men, lov'd much, read more,

Had a diſcerning wit; to her was known
Every one's fault or merit, but her own.
All the good qualities that ever bleſt
A woman ſo diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Except diſcretion only, ſhe poſſeſt.
But now—*Mon cher*, dear Pug! ſhe cries, adieu!
And the diſcourſe broke off does thus renew:—

You ſmile to ſee me, whom the world, perchance,
Miſtakes to have ſome wit, ſo far advance
The intereſt of fools, that I approve
Their merit more than men of wit, in love;
But in our ſex too many proofs there are
Of ſuch whom wits undo, and fools repair.
This, in my time, was ſo obſerv'd a rule,
Hardly a wench in town but had her fool;
The meaneſt common ſlut, who long was grown
The jeſt and ſcorn of ev'ry pit buffoon,
Had yet left charms enough to have ſubdu'd
Some fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
Foſter could make an Iriſh Lord a Nokes,
And Betty Morris had her city Cokes.
A woman's ne'er ſo ruin'd, but ſhe can
Be ſtill reveng'd on her undoer, man.
How loſt ſoe'er, ſhe'll find ſome lover more
A lewd abandon'd fool, than ſhe a whore.
That wretched thing, Corinna, who has run
Thro' all the ſev'ral ways of being undone,
Cozen'd at firſt by love, and living then
By turning the too dear-bought cheat on men.
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
When firſt the town her early beauties knew;
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with preſents fed,
Youth in her looks, and pleaſure in her bed;
Till fate, or her ill angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of wit;
Who found 'twas dull to love above a day,
Made his ill-natur'd jeſt, and went away.
Now, ſcorn'd of all, forſaken, and oppreſt,
She's a *memento mori* to the reſt;

Diſeas'd, decay'd, to take up half a crown
Muſt mortgage her long ſcarf and mantua gown;
Poor creature! who, unheard of, as a fly
In ſome dark hole muſt all the winter lie,
And want and dirt endure for a whole half-year,
That for one month ſhe tawdry may appear.
In Eaſter-term ſhe gets her a new gown;
When my young maſter's worſhip comes to town,
From Pedagogue and mother juſt ſet free,
The heir and hopes of a great family;
Who with ſtrong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever ſince the Conqueſt have been fools;
And now with careful proſpect to maintain
This character, leſt croſſing of the ſtrain
Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
A couſin of his own to be his bride:
And thus ſet out.....
With an eſtate, no wit, and a young wife,
The ſolid comforts of a coxcomb's life,
Dunghill and peaſe forſook, he comes to town,
Turns ſpark, learns to be lewd, and is undone:
Nothing ſuits worſe with vice than want of ſenſe,
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own expence.
This o'ergrown ſchoolboy loſt Corinna wins;
At the firſt daſh to make an aſs begins;
Pretends to like a man that has not known
The vanities or vices of the town.
Freſh is the youth, and faithful is his love,
Eager of joys which he does ſeldom prove;
Healthful and ſtrong, he does no pains endure,
But what the fair one he adores can cure;
Grateful for favours, does the ſex eſteem,
And libels none for being kind to him;
Then of the lewdneſs of the town complains,
Rails at the wits and atheiſts, and maintains
'Tis better than good ſenſe, than pow'r, or wealth,
To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
The unbred puppy, who had never ſeen
A creature look ſo gay, or talk ſo fine,

Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt;
Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient ſeat,
To buy his miſtreſs a new houſe for life,
To give her plate and jewels, robs his wife;
And when to th' height of fondneſs he is grown,
'Tis time to poiſon him, and all's her own:
Thus meeting in her common arms his fate,
He leaves her baſtard heir to his eſtate;
And, as the race of ſuch an owl deſerves,
His own dull lawful progeny he ſtarves.
Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
But does each inſect to ſome end ordain)
Wiſely provokes kind keeping fools, no doubt,
To patch up vices men of wit wear out.—
Thus ſhe ran on two hours, ſome grains of ſenſe
Still mix'd with follies of impertinence,
But now 'tis time I ſhould ſome pity ſhew
To Chloe, ſince I cannot chooſe but know,
Readers muſt reap what dulleſt writers ſow.
By the next poſt I will ſuch ſtories tell,
As, join'd to theſe, ſhall to a volume ſwell;
As true as heaven, more infamous than hell.
But you are tir'd, and ſo am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

FROM LORD ROCHESTER TO LORD MULGRAVE UPON THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

DEAR friend, I hear this town does ſo abound
In ſaucy cenſures, that faults are found
With what of late we, in poetic rage
Beſtowing, threw away on the dull age.
But howſoe'er envy their ſpleen may raiſe,
To rob my brows of the deſerved bays)
Their thanks, at leaſt, I merit; ſince through me
They are partakers of your poetry.
And this is all I'll ſay in my defence,
T' obtain one line of your well worded ſenſe,
I'll be content t' have it writ the "Britiſh Prince."

I'm none of thoſe who think themſelves inſpir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
T' avoid with care all ſort of ſelf-denial,
Which way ſoe'er deſire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:
And if, expoſing what I take for wit,
To my dear ſelf a pleaſure I beget,
No matter though the cenſuring critics fret,
Theſe whom my Muſe diſpleaſes are at ſtrife,
With equal ſpleen, againſt my courſe of life;
The leaſt delight of which I'll not forego,
For all the flattering praiſe man can beſtow.
If I deſign'd to pleaſe, the way were then
To mend my manners rather than my pen:
The firſt's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the ſecond I deſpair of it,
Since grace is not ſo hard to get as wit:
Perhaps ill verſes ought to be confin'd,
In mere good breeding, like unſavoury wind.
Were reading forc'd, I ſhould be apt to think,
Men might no more write ſcurvily than ſtink.
I'll own that you write better than I do,
But I have as much need to write as you.
In all I write, ſhould ſenſe, and wit, and rhyme,
Fail me at once, yet ſomething ſo ſublime
Shall ſtamp my poem, that the world may ſee
It could have been produc'd by none but me.
And that's my end; for man can wiſh no more
Than ſo to write, as none e'er writ before;
Yet why am I no poet of the times?
I have alluſions, ſimilies, and rhymes,
And wit; or elſe 'tis hard that I alone,
Of the whole race of mankind, ſhould have none.
Unequally the partial hand of heaven
Has all but this one only bleſſing given.
The world appears like a great family,
Whoſe lord, oppreſs'd with pride and poverty,
(That to a few great bounty he may ſhew)
Is fain to ſtarve the numerous train below.

Juſt ſo ſeems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more creatures than it can maintain:
Here 'tis profuſe, and there it meanly ſaves,
And for one prince, it makes ten thouſand ſlaves.
In wit alone 't has been munificent,
Of which ſo juſt a ſhare to each is ſent,
That the moſt avaricious are content.
For none e'er thought (the due diviſion ſuch)
His own too little, or his friend's too much.
Yet moſt men ſhew, or find, great want of wit,
Writing themſelves, or judging what is writ.
But I, who am of ſprightly vigour full,
Look on mankind as envious and dull.
Born to myſelf, I like myſelf alone,
And muſt conclude my judgment good, or none;
For could my ſenſe be naught, how ſhould I know
Whether another man's were good or no?
Thus I reſolve of my own poetry,
That 'tis the beſt; and there's a fame for me.
If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
Whether to merit due, or arrogance?
Oh, but the world will take offence hereby!
Why then the world ſhall ſuffer for it, not I.
Did e'er the ſaucy world and I agree,
To let it have its beaſtly will on me?
Why ſhould my proſtituted ſenſe be drawn,
To every rule their muſty cuſtoms ſpawn?
But men may cenſure you; 'tis two to one,
Whene'er they cenſure, they'll be in the wrong.
There's not a thing on earth, that I can name,
So fooliſh, and ſo falſe, as common fame.
It calls the courtier knave, the plain man rude,
Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,
Impertinent the briſk, moroſe the ſad,
Mean the familiar, the reſerv'd one mad:
Poor helpleſs woman is not favour'd more,
She's a ſly hypocrite, or public whore.
Then who the devil would give this—to be free
From th' innocent reproach of infamy?

Theſe things conſider'd, make me (in deſpite
Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

A TRIAL
OF THE POETS FOR THE BAYS. IN IMITATION OF A SATIRE IN BOILEAU.

SINCE the ſons of the Muſes grew numerous and loud,
For th' appeaſing ſo factious and clamorous a crowd,
Apollo thought fit, in ſo weighty a cauſe,
T' eſtabliſh a government, leader, and laws.
The hopes of the bays, at the ſummoning call,
Had drawn them together, the devil and all;
All thronging and liſt'ning, they gap'd for the bleſſing:
No preſbyter ſermon had more crowding and preſſing:
In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,
That ancient grave wit, ſo long lov'd and fear'd,
But Apollo had heard a ſtory in town,
Of his quitting the Muſes, to wear the black gown;
And ſo gave him leave now his poetry's done,
To let him turn prieſt ſince R—— is turn'd nun.
This reverend author was no looner ſet by,
But Apollo had got gentle George * in his eye,
And frankly confeſs'd, of all men that writ,
There's none had more fancy, ſenſe, judgment, and wit:
But in th' crying ſin, idleneſs, he was ſo harden'd,
That his long ſeven years' ſilence was not to be pardon'd.
——W——y † was the next man ſhew'd his face.
But Apollo e'en thought him too good for the place;

* Sir George Etherege. † Mr. Wycherley.

No gentleman writer that office ſhould bear,
But a trader in wit the laurel ſhould wear,
As none but a Cit—e'er makes a Lord-mayor.
Next in the crowd, Tom Shadwell does wallow,
And ſwears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,
That 'tis he alone beſt pleaſes the age,
Himſelf and his wife have ſupported the ſtage:
Apollo, well pleas'd with ſo bonny a lad,
T' oblige him, he told him, he ſhould be huge glad,
Had he half ſo much wit, as he fancy'd he had.
Nat Lee ſtepp'd in next, in hopes of a prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
By the rubies in's face, he could not deny,
But he had as much wit as wine could ſupply;
Confeſs'd that indeed he had a muſical note,
But ſometimes ſtrain'd ſo hard that he rattled in throat;
Yet owning he had ſenſe, t' encourage him for't,
He made him his Ovid in Auguſtus's court.
Poor Settle, his trial was the next came about,
He brought him in Ibrahim with the preface torn out,
And humbly deſir'd he might give no offence;
D—n him, cries Shadwell, he cannot write ſenſe:
And Bancks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull rogue;
Apollo, conſidering he was not in vogue,
Would not truſt his dear bays with ſo modeſt a fool,
And bid the great boy be ſent back to ſchool.
Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
And ſwears, for heroics, he writes beſt of any;
Don Carlos his pockets ſo amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd;
Anababaluthu put in for a ſhare,
And little Tom Eſſence's author was there:
But Apollo had ſeen his face on the ſtage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The ſcum of a play-houſe, for the prop of an age.

In the numerous crowd that encompaſs'd him round,
Little ſtarch'd Johnny Crown at his elbow he found,
His cravat ſtring new iron'd, he gently did ſtretch
His lily white head out, the laurel to reach.
Alleging that he had moſt right to the bays,
For writing romances, and ſh-ting of plays:
Apollo roſe up, and gravely confeſs'd,
Of all men that writ, his talent was beſt;
For ſince pain and diſhonour man's life only damn,
The greateſt felicity mankind can claim,
Is to want ſenſe of ſmart, and be paſt ſenſe of ſhame;
And to perfect his bliſs in poetical rapture,
He bid him be dull to the end of the chapter.
The poteſs Afra next ſhew'd her ſweet face,
And ſwore by her poëty, and her black ace,
The laurel by a double right was her own,
For the plays ſhe had writ, and the conqueſts ſhe had won.
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
Yet, to deal frankly and ingenuouſly by her,
He told her, were conqueſts and charms her pretence,
She ought to have pleaded a dozen years ſince.
Nor could D'Urſey forbear for the laurel to ſtickle,
Proteſting that he had the honour to tickle
Th' ears of the town, with his dear madam Fickle.
With other pretenders, whoſe names I'd rehearſe,
But that they're too long to ſtand in my verſe:
Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious harangue,
At laſt found Tom Betterton's face in the gang,
For, ſince poets without the kind players may hang,
By his one ſacred light he ſolemnly ſwore,
That in ſearch of a laureat he'd look out no more.
A general murmur ran quite through the hall,
To think that the bays to an actor would fall;
Tom told them, to put his deſert to the teſt,
That he had MAID plays as well as the beſt,

And was the great'ſt wonder the age ever bore,
Of all the play ſcribblers that e'er writ before,
His wit had moſt worth, and modeſty in't,
For he had writ plays, yet ne'er came in print.

A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND.

WERE I, who to my coſt already am
One of thoſe ſtrange prodigious creatures man,
A ſpirit free, to chooſe for my own ſhare,
What ſort of fleſh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
Or any thing, but that vain animal,
Who is ſo proud of being rational.
The ſenſes are too groſs, and he'll contrive
A ſixth, to contradict the other five;
And, before certain inſtinct, will prefer
Reaſon, which fifty times for one does err.
Reaſon, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the light of nature, ſenſe, behind:
Pathleſs and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
Whilſt the miſguided follower climbs with pain
Mountains of whimſies, heapt in his own brain:
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundleſs ſea, where, like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To ſwim with bladders of philoſophy;
In hopes ſtill to o'ertake the ſkipping light,
The vapour dances in his dazzled ſight,
Till, ſpent, it leaves him to eternal night.
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death, and make him underſtand,
After a ſearch ſo painful and ſo long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt, this reaſoning engine lies,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe;

Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a wretch:
His wiſdom did his happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know the world he ſhould enjoy:
And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
Of pleaſing others at his own expence;
For wits are treated juſt like common whores,
Firſt they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors:
The pleaſure paſt, a threatening doubt remains,
That frights th' enjoyer with ſucceeding pains.
Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
And ever fatal to admiring fools.
Pleaſure allures; and when the fops eſcape,
'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear at heart they hate.
But now, methinks, ſome formal band and beard,
Takes me to taſk: come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.
Then, by your favour, any thing that's writ,
Againſt this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
Like me abundantly; but you'll take care,
Upon this point, and not be too ſevere;
Perhaps my Muſe were fitter for this part;
For, I profeſs, I can be very ſmart
On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
I long to laſh it in ſome ſharp eſſay,
But your grand indiſcretion bids me ſtay,
And turns my tide of ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
To make you rail at reaſon and mankind?
Bleſt glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
An everlaſting ſoul hath freely given;
Whom his great Maker took ſuch care to make,
That from himſelf he did the image take,
And this fair frame in ſhining reaſon dreſt,
To dignify his nature above beaſt:
Reaſon, by whoſe aſpiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material ſenſe,
Dive into myſteries, then ſoaring pierce
The flaming limits of the univerſe,

Search heaven and hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.
Hold, mighty man, I cry; all this we know
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,
From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very reason I despise;
This supernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he's the image of the Infinite;
Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
To the Eternal and the Ever-blest:
This busy puzzling stirrer-up of doubt,
That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out,
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
The reverend bedlams, colleges, and schools,
Borne on those wings, each heavy sot can pierce
The limits of the boundless universe:
So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
And bear a crippled carcase through the sky.
'Tis this exalted power, whose business lies
In nonsense and impossibilities:
This made a whimsical philosopher,
Before the spacious world his tub prefer;
And we have many modern coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
But thoughts were given for action's government,
Where action ceases, thought's impertinent.
Our sphere of action is life's happiness,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.
Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
I own right reason, which I would obey;
That reason, which distinguishes by sense,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
That bounds desires with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
Your reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing appetites, your's would destroy.
My reason is my friend, your's is a cheat:
Hunger calls out, my reason bids me eat:
Perversely your's your appetite does mock:
This asks for food, that answers, what's a clock?

This plain distinction, sir, your doubt secures:
'Tis not true reason I despise, but your's.
Thus I think reason righted: but for man,
I'll ne'er recant; defend him, if you can.
For all his pride and his philosophy,
'Tis evident that beasts are, in their degree,
As wise at least, and better far than he.
Those creatures are the wisest, who attain,
By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
If therefore Jowler finds and kills his hare,
Better than Meres supplies committee-chair:
Though one's a statesman, th' other but a hound,
Jowler in justice will be wiser found.
You see how far man's wisdom here extends:
Look next if human nature makes amends;
Whose principles are most generous and just;
And to whose morals you would sooner trust?
Be judge yourself; I'll bring it to the test,
Which is the basest creature, man or beast?
Birds feed on birds, beast on each other prey,
But savage man alone does man betray.
Press'd by necessity, they kill for food;
Man undoes man, to do himself no good:
With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's allowance, to supply their want;
But man, with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,
Inhumanely his fellow's life betrays,
With voluntary pains works his distress,
Not through necessity, but wantonness.
For hunger or for love, they bite or tear:
Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear:
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid;
From fear to fear successively betray'd:
Base fear, the source whence his base passions came,
His boasted honour, and his dear-bought fame:
The lust of power, to which he's such a slave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave;
To which his various projects are design'd,
Which makes him generous, affable, and kind;

For which he takes ſuch pains to be thought wiſe,
And ſcrews his actions in a forc'd diſguiſe;
Leads a moſt tedious life, in miſery,
Under laborious, mean hypocriſy.
Look to the bottom of his vaſt deſign,
Wherein man's wiſdom, power, and glory, join:
The good he acts, the ill he does endure;
'Tis all from fear, to make himſelf ſecure.
Merely for ſafety, after fame they thirſt;
For all men would be cowards if they durſt:
And honeſty's againſt all common ſenſe;
Men muſt be knaves; 'tis in their own defence,
Mankind's diſhoneſt: if you think it fair,
Amongſt known cheats, to play upon the ſquare,
You'll be undone....
Nor can weak truth your reputation ſave;
The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
Wrong'd ſhall he live, inſulted o'er, oppreſt,
Who dares be leſs a villain than the reſt.
Thus here you ſee what human nature craves,
Moſt men are cowards, all men ſhould be knaves.
The difference lies, as far as I can ſee,
Not in the thing itſelf, but the degree;
And all the ſubject-matter of debate,
Is only, who's a knave of the firſt rate?

POSTSCRIPT.

ALL this with indignation have I hurl'd
At the pretending part of the proud world,
Who, ſwoln with ſelfiſh vanity, deviſe
Falſe freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lies,
Over their fellow-ſlaves to tyrannize.
But if in court ſo juſt a man there be,
(In court a juſt man, yet unknown to me)
Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppreſs and ruin, but protect;
Since flattery, which way ſoever laid,
Is ſtill a tax on that unhappy trade:

If ſo upright a ſtateſman you can find,
Whoſe paſſions bend to his unbiaſs'd mind
Who does his arts and policies apply,
To raiſe his country, not his family.
Is there a mortal who on God relies?
Whoſe life his faith and doctrine juſtifies?
Not one blown up with vain aſpiring pride,
Who, for reproof of ſins, does man deride;
Whoſe envious heart, with ſaucy eloquence,
Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of ſenſe;
Who in his talking vents more peeviſh lies,
More bitter railings, ſcandals, calumnies,
Than at a goſſiping are thrown about,
When the good wives drink free, and then fall out.
None of the ſenſual tribe, whoſe talents lie
In avarice, pride, in ſloth, and gluttony;
Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives;
Whoſe luſt exalted to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And, ere a ſcore of years completed be,
Can from the lofty ſtage of honour ſee
Half a large pariſh their own progeny.
Nor doating——who would be ador'd,
For domineering at the council-board;
A greater fop, in buſineſs at fourſcore,
Fonder of ſerious toys, affected more,
Than the gay, glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noiſe, his tawdry clothes, and loves.
But a meek, humble man, of modeſt ſenſe,
Who, preaching peace, does practiſe continence;
Whoſe pious life's a proof he does believe
Myſterious truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon earth there dwell ſuch godlike men,
I'll here recant my paradox to them,
Adore thoſe ſhrines of virtue, homage pay,
And, with the thinking world, their laws obey.
If ſuch there are, yet grant me this at leaſt,
Man differs more from man, than man from beaſt.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE.

I.

As ſome brave admiral, in former war
Depriv'd of force, but preſt with courage ſtill,
Two rival fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill;

II.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The wiſe and daring conduct of the fight;
And each bold action to his mind renews
His preſent glory and his paſt delight.

III.

From his fierce eyes flaſhes of rage he throws,
As from black clouds when light'ning breaks away,
Tranſported, thinks himſelf amidſt his foes,
And abſent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

IV.

So when my days of impotence approach,
And I'm by wine, and love's unlucky chance,
Driven from the pleaſing billows of debauch,
On the dull ſhore of lazy temperance,

V.

My pains at laſt ſome reſpite ſhall afford,
While I behold the battles you maintain,
When fleets of glaſſes ſail around the board,
From whoſe broadſides vollies of wit ſhall rain.

VI.

Nor ſhall the ſight of honourable ſcars,
Which my too forward valour did procure,
Frighten new-liſted ſoldiers from the wars:
Paſt joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Should ſome brave youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair inviter meanly ſhrink,

'Twould pleaſe the ghoſt of my departed vice,
If, at my council, he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or ſhould ſome cold-complexion'd ſot forbid,
With his dull morals, our night's briſk alarms,
I'll fire his blood, by telling what I did
When I was ſtrong, and able to bear arms.

IX.

I'll tell of whores, attack'd their lords at home,
Bawd's quarters beaten up, and fortreſs won;
Windows demoliſh'd, watches overcome,
And handſome ills by my contrivance done.

X.

With tales like theſe I will ſuch heat inſpire,
As to important miſchief ſhall incline;
I'll make him long ſome ancient church to fire,
And fear no lewdneſs they're call'd to by wine.

XI.

Thus, ſtateſman-like, I'll ſaucily impoſe,
And, ſafe from danger, valiantly adviſe;
Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing elſe, be wiſe.

UPON NOTHING.

I.

NOTHING! thou elder brother ev'n to ſhade,
That hadſt a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing Something ſtraight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

III.

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its ſole original,
Into thy boundleſs ſelf muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

IV.

Yet Something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptineſs's hand
Snatch'd men, beaſts, birds, fire, air, and land.

V.

Matter, the wicked'ſt offspring of thy race,
By form aſſiſted, flew from thy embrace;
And rebel Light obſcur'd thy reverend duſky face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To ſpoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

VII.

But turn-coat Time aſſiſts the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, aſſiſts thy ſhort-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy ſlaves again.

VIII.

Though myſteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy boſom, where the truth in private lies;

IX.

Yet this of thee the wiſe may freely ſay,
Thou from the virtuous Nothing tak'ſt away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wiſely pray.

X.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wiſe
Enquire, define, diſtinguiſh, teach, deviſe?
Didſt thou not ſtand to point their dull philoſophies.

XI.

Is, or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or falſe, the ſubject of debate,
That perfect or deſtroy the vaſt deſigns of Fate;

XII.

When they have rack'd the politician's breaſt,
Within thy boſom moſt ſecurely reſt,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are leaſt unſafe and beſt.

XIII.

But Nothing, why does Something ſtill permit,
That ſacred monarchs ſhould at council ſit,
With perſons highly thought at beſt for nothing fit?

XIV.

While weighty Something modeſtly abſtains
From princes' coffers, and from ſtateſmen's brains,
And nothing there like ſtately Nothing reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'ſt with fools in grave diſguiſe,
For whom they reverend ſhapes and forms deviſe,
Lawn ſleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they, like thee, look wiſe.

XVI.

French truth, Dutch proweſs, Britiſh policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' diſpatch, Danes' wit, are mainly ſeen in thee.

XVII.

The great man's gratitude to his beſt friend.
Kings' promiſes, whores' vows, towards thee they bend,
Flow ſwiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

TRANSLATION OF SOME LINES IN LUCRETIUS.

THE Gods, by right of nature, muſt poſſeſs
An everlaſting age of perfect peace;
Far off remov'd from us and our affairs,
Neither approach'd by dangers nor by cares;
Rich in themſelves, to whom we cannot add;
Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

THE LATTER END OF THE CHORUS OF THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S TROAS, TRANSLATED.

AFTER Death nothing is, and nothing Death,
The utmoſt limits of a gaſp of breath.
Let the ambitious zealot lay aſide
His hopes of heaven (whoſe faith is but his pride);

Let ſlaviſh ſouls lay by their fear,
Nor be concern'd, which way, or where,
After this life, they ſhall be hurl'd:
Dead, we become the lumber of the world;
And to that maſs of matter ſhall be ſwept,
Where things deſtroy'd with things unborn are kept:
Devouring Time ſwallows us whole;
Impartial Death confounds body and ſoul:
For hell, and the foul fiend that rules
The everlaſting fiery gaols,
Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
With his grim griſly dog that keeps the door,
Are ſenſeleſs ſtories, idle tales,
Dreams, whimſies, and no more.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY,
ON HIS RESTORATION IN THE YEAR 1660.

VIRTUE's triumphant ſhrine! who doſt engage
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage;
Which in extatic duty ſtrive to come
Out of themſelves, as well as from their home;
Whilſt England grows one camp, and London is
Itſelf the nation, not metropolis:
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men:
Forgive this diſtant homage, which does meet
Your bleſt approach on ſedentary feet;
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In ſteel before you; yet, great Sir, approve
My manly wiſhes, and more vigorous love;
In whom a cold reſpect were treaſon to
A father's aſhes, greater than to you;
Whoſe one ambition 'tis for to be known,
By daring loyalty, your Wilmot's ſon.

Wadh. Coll. ROCHESTER.

TO HER SACRED MAJESTY THE QUEEN-MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

RESPITE, great queen, your juſt and haſty fears:
There's no infection lodges in our tears.
Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
Yet ſighs have an untainted guiltleſs breath.
Oh! ſtay a while; and teach your equal ſkill
To underſtand, and to ſupport our ill.
You that in mighty wrongs an age have ſpent,
And ſeem to have outliv'd ev'n baniſhment:
Whom traiterous miſchief ſought its earlieſt prey,
When to moſt ſacred blood it made its way,
And did thereby its black deſign impart,
To take his head, that wounded firſt his heart:
You that unmov'd great Charles's ruin ſtood,
When three great nations ſunk beneath the load;
Then a young daughter loſt, yet balſam found
To ſtaunch that new and freſhly-bleeding wound;
And, after this, with fixt and ſteady eyes,
Beheld your noble Glouceſter's obſequies;
And then ſuſtain'd the royal princeſs' fall:
You only can lament her funeral.
But you will hence remove, and leave behind
Our ſad complaints, loſt in the empty wind;
Thoſe winds that bid you ſtay, and loudly roar
Deſtruction, and drive back to the firm ſhore;
Shipwreck to ſafety, and the envy fly
Of ſharing in this ſcene of tragedy;
While ſickneſs, from whoſe rage you poſt away,
Relents, and only now contrives your ſtay;
The lately fatal and infectious ill
Courts the fair princeſs, and forgets to kill:
In vain on fevers curſes we diſpenſe,
And vent our paſſion's angry eloquence;
In vain we blaſt the miniſters of Fate,
And the forlorn phyſicians imprecate:

Say they to death new poiſons add, and fire,
Murder ſecurely for reward and hire;
Art's baſiliſks, that kill whome'er they ſee,
And truly write bills of mortality;
Who, leſt the bleeding corpſe ſhould them betray,
Firſt drain thoſe vital ſpeaking ſtreams away.
And will you, by your flight, take part with theſe,
Become yourſelf a third and new diſeaſe?
If they have caus'd our loſs, then ſo have you,
Who take yourſelf and the fair princeſs too:
For we, depriv'd, an equal damage have,
When France doth raviſh hence, as when the grave:
But that your choice th' unkindneſs doth improve,
And direliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER, of Wadham College.

AN EPILOGUE.

SOME few, from wit, have this true maxim got,
" That 'tis ſtill better to be pleas'd than not;"
And therefore never their own torment plot:
While the malicious critics ſtill agree
To loath each play they come and pay to ſee.
The firſt know 'tis a meaner part of ſenſe
To find a fault, than taſte an excellence:
Therefore they praiſe, and ſtrive to like; while theſe
Are dully vain of being hard to pleaſe.
Poets and women have an equal right
To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight
Feel pain alone, and have no joy but ſpite.
'Twas impotence did firſt this vice begin:
Fools cenſure wit, as old men rail at ſin;
Who envy pleaſure which they cannot taſte,
And, good for nothing, would be wiſe at laſt.
Since therefore to the women it appears,
That all the enemies of wit are their's,
Our poet the dull herd no longer fears.
Whate'er his fate may prove, 'twill be his pride
To ſtand or fall with beauty on his ſide.

AN ALLUSION
TO THE
TENTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

WELL, Sir, 'tis granted; I ſaid Dryden's rhymes
Were ſtol'n, unequal, nay, dull, many times:
What tooliſh patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this?
But that his plays, embroider'd up and down
With learning, juſtly pleas'd the town,
In the ſame paper I as freely own.
Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy maſs
That ſtuffs up his looſe volumes, muſt not paſs;
For by that rule I might as well admit
Crown's tedious ſcenes for poetry and wit.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your falſe ſenſe
Hits the falſe judgment of an audience
Of clapping fools aſſembling, a vaſt crowd,
Till the throng'd playhouſe crack'd with the dull load;
Though ev'n that talent merits, in ſome ſort,
That can divert the rabble and the court,
Which blundering Settle never could obtain,
And puzzling Otway labours at in vain:
But within due proportion circumſcribe
Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide
The ſtyle may riſe, yet in its riſe forbear
With uſeleſs words t'oppreſs the weary'd ear.
Here be your language lofty, there more light,
Your rhetoric with your poetry unite.
For elegance' ſake, ſometimes allay the force
Of epithets; 'twill ſoften the diſcourſe.
A jeſt in ſcorn points out and hits the thing
More home, than the remoteſt ſatire's ſting.
Shakſpeare and Jonſon did in this excel,
And might herein be imitated well;
Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,
But is himſelf a ſheer original.

Nor that ſlow drudge in ſwift Pindaric ſtrains,
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded Muſe, whipp'd, with looſe reins.
When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
And Hannibal a whining, amorous ſlave,
I laugh, and wiſh the hot-brain'd fuſtian fool
In Buſby's hands, to be well laſhed at ſchool.
Of all our modern wits, none ſeem to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But haſty Shadwell and ſlow Wycherley.
Shadwell's unfiniſhed works do yet impart
Great proofs of force of nature, none of art;
With juſt, bold ſtrokes he daſhes here and there,
Shewing great maſtery with little care,
Scorning to varniſh his good touches o'er,
To make the fools and women praiſe them more.
But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains;
He wants no judgment, and he ſpares no pains:
He frequently excels, and, at the leaſt,
Makes fewer faults than any of the reſt.
Waller, by nature, for the Bays deſigned,
With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
In panegyric does excel mankind.
He beſt can turn, enforce, and ſoften things.
To praiſe great conquerors, and flatter kings.
For pointed ſatire I would Buckhurſt chooſe,
The beſt good man with the worſt-natur'd Muſe.
For ſongs and verſes mannerly obſcene,
That can ſtir Nature up by ſprings unſeen,
And, without forcing bluſhes, warm the queen;
Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
That can with a reſiſtleſs power impart;
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart,
Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire,
Betwixt declining virtue and deſire,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd maid diſſolves away,
In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of wit;
For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit

To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob;
And thus he got the name of Poet Squab.
But, to be juſt, 'twill to his praiſe be found,
His excellencies more than faults abound:
Nor dare I from his ſacred temples tear
The laurel, which he beſt deſerves to wear.
But does not Dryden find ev'n Jonſon dull?
Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full
Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakſpeare's ſtyle
Stiff and affected? To his own, the while,
Allowing all the juſtice that his pride
So arrogantly had to theſe deny'd?
And may not I have leave impartially
To ſearch and cenſure Dryden's works, and try
If thoſe groſs faults his choice pen doth commit
Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit?
Or if his lumpiſh fancy does refuſe
Spirit and grace to his looſe ſlattern Muſe?
Five hundred verſes every morning writ,
Prove him no more a poet than a wit:
Such ſcribbling authors have been ſeen before;
Muſtapha, the Iſland Princeſs, forty more,
Were things perhaps compoſed in half an hour.
To write what may ſecurely ſtand the teſt
Of being well read over thrice at leaſt;
Compare each phraſe, examine every line,
Weigh every word, and every thought refine;
Scorn all applauſe the vile rout can beſtow,
And be content to pleaſe thoſe few who know.
Canſt thou be ſuch a vain miſtaken thing,
To wiſh thy works might make a play-houſe ring
With the unthinking laughter and poor praiſe
Of fops and ladies, factious for thy plays?
Then ſend a cunning friend to learn thy doom
From the ſhrewd judges in the drawing room.
I've no ambition on that idle ſcore,
But ſay with Betty Morice, heretofore,
When a court lady call'd her Buckhurſt's* whore:

* The ſame probably who is celebrated by Lord Buckhurſt (or Dorſet) in his Poems. See Gent. Mag. 1780. p. 216.

I pleaſe one man of wit, am proud on 't too,
Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you.
Should I be troubled when the purblind knight,
Who ſquints more in his judgment than his ſight,
Picks ſilly faults, and cenſures what I write?
Or when the poor fed poets of the town
For ſcabs and coach-room cry my verſes down?
I loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurſt, Buckingham,
And ſome few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my ſenſe: I count their cenſure fame.

TO SIR CAR SCROPE.

[Sir Car Scrope, who thought himſelf reflected on at the latter end of the preceding Poem, publiſhed a Poem "In Defence of Satire," which occaſioned the following Reply.]

To rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,
In Satire's praiſe to a low untun'd ſtrain,
In thee was moſt impertinent and vain.
When in thy perſon we more clearly ſee
That Satire's of divine authority,
For God made one on man when he made thee;
To ſhew there were ſome men, as there are apes,
Fram'd for mere ſport, who differ but in ſhapes:
In thee are all theſe contradictions join'd,
That makes an aſs prodigious and refin'd.
A lump deform'd and ſhapeleſs wert thou born,
Begot in Love's deſpight, Nature's ſcorn;
And art grown up the moſt ungrateful wight,
Harſh to the ear, and hideous to the ſight;
Yet Love's thy buſineſs, Beauty thy delight.
Curſe on that ſilly hour that firſt inſpir'd
Thy madneſs, to pretend to be admir'd;
To paint thy griſly face, to dance, to dreſs,
And all thoſe aukward follies, that expreſs
Thy lotheſome love and filthy daintineſs.
Who needs wilt be an ugly Beau-Garçon,
Spit at, and ſhunn'd by every girl in town;

Where dreadfully Love's ſcarecrow thou art plac'd,
To fright the tender flock that long to taſte:
While every coming maid, when you appear,
Starts back for ſhame, and ſtrait turns chaſte for fear;
For none ſo poor or proſtitute have prov'd,
Where you made love t'endure to be belov'd.
'Twere labour loſt, or elſe I would adviſe:
But thy half-wit would ne'er let thee be wiſe,
Half witty, and half mad, and ſcarce half brave,
Half honeſt (which is very much a knave)
Made up of all theſe halves, thou canſt not paſs
For any thing entirely but an aſs.

EPILOGUE.

AS charms are nonſenſe, nonſenſe ſeems a charm,
Which hearers of all judgment does diſarm;
For ſongs and ſcenes a double audience bring,
And doggrel takes, which ſmiths in ſatin ſing.
Now to machines and a dull maſk you run;
We find that wit's the monſter you would ſhun,
And, by my troth, 'tis diſcreetly done.
For ſince with vice and folly wit is fed,
Through mercy 'tis moſt of you ar' n't dead.
Players turn puppets now at your deſire,
In their mouth's nonſenſe, in their tail's a wire;
They fly thro'crowds of clouts and ſhow'rs of fire.
A kind of loſing Loadum is their game,
Where the worſt writer has the greateſt fame.
To get vile plays like their's ſhall be our care;
But of ſuch aukward actors we deſpair.
Falſe taught at firſt.....
Like bowls ill biaſs'd, ſtill the more they run,
They're further off than when they firſt begun;
In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,
There's one is ſuch a dear familiar ſpark,
He yawns as if he were but half awake,
And fribbling for free-ſpeaking does miſtake;

False accent and neglectful action too :
They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,
That both together, like an ape's mock face,
By near resembling man, do man disgrace.
Thorough-paced ill actors may, perhaps, be cur'd ;
Half-players, like half-wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet these are they, who durst expose the age
Of the great * wonder of the English stage ;
Whom nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him speak, as she bid Shakspeare write.
Those blades indeed are cripples in their art,
Mimic his foot, but not his speaking part.
Let them the traitor of Volpone try,
Could they.....
Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die,
They ne'er had sent to Paris for such fancies,
As monsters' heads and Merry-Andrew's dances.
Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd, we appear ;
But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th' old poets dress'd your mistress Wit before ;
These draw you on with an old painted whore,
And sell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maids twice o'er.
Yet they may scorn our house and actors too,
Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.
They cry, Pox o' these Covent-garden men ;
Damn them, not one of them but keeps out ten.
Were they once gone, we for those thundering blades
Should have an audience of substantial trades,
Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and great nephew Æolus.
O how the merry citizen's in love
With.....
Psyche, the goddess of each field and grove.
He cries, I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough ;
But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd stuff!
So to their house the graver fops repair ;
While men of wit find one another here.

* Major Mohun.

PROLOGUE

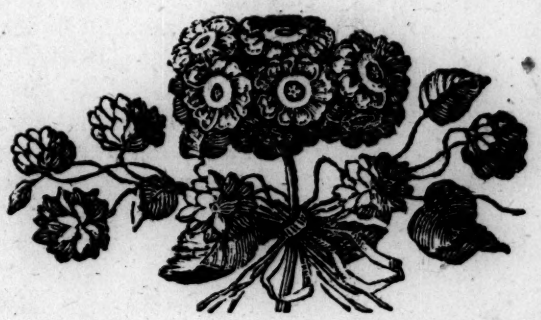
SPOKEN AT THE COURT AT WHITEHALL, BEFORE KING CHARLES II. BY THE LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD.

WIT has of late took up a trick t' appear
Unmannerly, or at the beſt, ſevere;
And poets ſhare the fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to pleaſe you all.
'Tis hard your ſcorn ſhould againſt ſuch prevail,
Whoſe ends are to divert you, though they fail.
You men would think it an ill-natur'd jeſt,
Should we laugh at you when you do your beſt.
Then rail not here though you ſee reaſon for't;
If wit can find itſelf no better ſport,
Wit is a very fooliſh thing at court.
Wit's buſineſs is to pleaſe, and not to fright;
'Tis no wit to be always in the right;
You'll find it none, who dare be ſo to-night.
Few ſo ill-bred will venture to a play,
To ſpy out faults in what we women ſay.
For us, no matter what we ſpeak, but how:
How kindly can we ſay—I hate you now!
And for the men, if you'll laugh at them, do;
They mind themſelves ſo much, they'll ne'er mind you.
But why do I deſcend to loſe a prayer
On thoſe ſmall ſaints in wit? the god ſits there!

To the King.

To you (Great SIR) my meſſage hither tends,
From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends;
See my credentials written in my face;
They challenge your protection in this place;
And hither come with ſuch a force of charms,
As may give check ev'n to your proſperous arms.
Millions of Cupids hovering in the rear,
Like eagles following, fatal troops! appear;

All waiting for the ſlaughter which draws nigh,
Of thoſe bold gazers who this night muſt die.
Nor can you 'ſcape our ſoft captivity,
From which old age alone muſt ſet you free.
Then tremble at the fatal conſequence,
Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great Prince,
'Gainſt us you ſtill have made a weak defence.
Be generous and wiſe, and take our part;
Remember we have eyes, and you a heart;
Elſe you may find, too late, that we are things
Born to kill vaſſals, and to conquer kings.
But oh to what vain conqueſt I pretend!
While Love is our commander and your friend,
Our victory your empire more aſſures;
For Love will ever make the triumph your's.



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